

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 17, 1937

## WHO'S WHO

RAYMOND CORRIGAN is a professor of history at St. Louis University. He has a keen modern mind as well as a long-visioned mind and memory of things past. Today is Hitler's day, but tomorrow is the day of truth and justice; there is always retribution eventually. . . . FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY is also a professor, but of literature, at Fordham University, New York. He views the modern world, however, not in terms of literature but as a philosopher. . . . VINCENT ENGELS derives from Notre Dame University and has devoted his time to free-lance writing, with residence mostly in Washington. . . . MARY E. McLAUGHLIN will be best introduced as the lady who upset many Catholic lethargists last summer by her article on converts capturing the Church. She is a New York business woman with a hobby of contributing occasional provocative articles. . . . ARAPOFF (Alexis Paul) is an artist now living in Boston. He is a Russian, and became a Catholic (Roman) three years ago. On the testimony of our Literary Editor, he paints religious pictures to the consternation of the Unitarians of Beacon Hill.

NEXT WEEK will appear our first contribution from our correspondent in Spain, Edward J. Fenger, editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo. It was brought directly by Sylvester Sancho, O.P., rector of the University of Santo Tomas, Manila, whose opinions and conclusions on Spain will shortly be published. In the issue of July 31, Aileen O'Brien, an America-Irish young lady who has spent most of her life in South America and Europe, and who has lately traveled Spain, will tell of Spain in one of the best articles published in or out of AMERICA.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

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Business Office: 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

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# COMMENT

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BASQUE children will be brought to the United States if the self-constituted Board of Guardians for the Relief of Basque Children has its way. It will have its way if the Departments of Labor and of State wither under the propaganda of the Leftists. There is no reason why these little Basque children should be brought to our alien cities rather than be sent to their homes in their own Basque land. They are being brought to the United States not because it is good for them but because it is good for the purposes of the Board of Guardians. Their spiritual welfare is being sacrificed that they may be offered up as tender specimens to move Americans to support the Loyalists. American justice and humanity must demand that they be returned to their own people. American charity must be forwarded to the Basque land so that they may be cared for by their own parents and guardians. If this American Board of Guardians has its way with the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Labor, and if these children are admitted to this country, it is our duty as Catholics to demand, resolutely and uncompromisingly, that their Catholic Faith be totally safeguarded. AMERICA has made this demand of the Secretary of State. You also demand it.

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IRISH election returns failed to give Mr. de Valera and his party the majority that the earlier results predicted. A stalemate between Fianna Fail and the combined opposition is the unsatisfactory outcome. It is particularly unsatisfactory to resume their political and economic measures under the voted Constitution, dependent on the Labor party, which is partly sympathetic to the new law. The increased vote of the Labor party is a surprise. The comparatively close contest on the Constitution will also surprise Americans, but it is well not to press too far the analogy with our Constitutional Convention. Unfortunately in Ireland it became a party issue and the coincidence of the plebiscite with the election of a Dail helped to muddle a constitutional with a mere party issue. The radicals, united with some advanced feminists and intellectuals who found fault with good Catholic teaching on the family, helped to lower the vote. But the Constitution in its broad aspects is a fine instrument and the party vote on it should be discarded. The Irish press criticisms leveled at it show how the flexible English as distinct from our rigid American Constitution influences the Irish.

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BLASTING the hold that Communists have acquired over the personnel and the methods of the C.I.O., Representative Cox, of Georgia bitterly complained that John L. Lewis' organization was "cor-

rupting the Negro," and teaching him dangerous notions. But if Mr. Cox, or any other person, objects to the Negroes' becoming members of the C.I.O., their objections will have no weight with the Negroes as long as the principal motive for Negro C.I.O. membership is present: viz, the dog-in-the-manger attitude taken toward Negro workers by the American Federation of Labor. The Rochester *Catholic Courier* of June 24 plainly states that "any union that distinguishes between the fundamental rights of the white worker and the fundamental rights of the black worker cannot claim to be a true champion of justice. We have at hand evidence that this discrimination exists in the American Federation of Labor. We have not seen anything to indicate that the same is true in the case of the C.I.O." Furthermore, says the *Courier*, "if Communism should bring the majority of Negroes in America under its wing, it will be our own fault." Equal justice, not empty denunciation, is the only remedy for the situation Mr. Cox so deplores.

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SAINT-DOLLS have emerged with twin-insurance and air-cooled summer suits. No other name seems to fit this particular type of supposedly pious abomination. They may be found on the fringes of church bazaars, among Bingo prizes of traveling sets and cocktail-shakers. Just a doll: infant-faced, goggle-eyed, garbed as the Little Flower herself, with a bunch of roses and the Crucifix; and the whole silly thing wrapped, of course, in cellophane. So Sainte Thérèse of the Child Jesus, that glorious, virile, humorous, conquering and mighty soul, that dreamer of the Kingdom and winner of mystic victories, is dished up to "devotion"—or to mere idle play—as a doll! Catholicism never produced such things: they are the spawn of cheap mass production, of stupid commercialism. Investigation, too, will disclose that a surprisingly large number of these objects are made not even by Christians, but by mere caterers to a supposed "Christian" or Catholic trade. Some pre-Bingo bonfires are in order.

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LEADERS of the Catholic retreat movement were welcomed to San Francisco by his Excellency, Archbishop Mitty, who sponsored the annual conference of the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association held June 25-27. It is significant to note the number of prelates who attended the conference—an indication of the importance the retreat work holds in the esteem of our American hierarchy. The large number of delegates from all over the country points to the astounding growth of the movement in the past few years. Archbishop Mitty sounded the keynote of the conference when in his



address he emphasized the present-day world's need of an intimate knowledge of Christ, which is the immediate result of the retreat. Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan who was to have given the principal speech at the concluding banquet was detained from attending at the last moment, owing to the labor crisis in his State. Stanislaus A. Riley ably substituted in place of the Governor, and stressed the importance of reflective Catholic thinking as the very essence of the retreat. Linked with the Conference at San Francisco by ties of kindred interest was the National Conference of the Laywomen's Retreat Movement held at Boston, July 3-4. The stimulating results of both Conferences will find its reflection in the deeper spiritual life of the ever-growing numbers of retreatants all over the country.

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CATHOLIC scouts attending the Washington Jamboree heard no words more appropriate and sensible among the many addresses made to them than those of Archbishop Beckman of Duluth at the Sunday Mass offered for them. "The struggle of the day is for the control of youth, for as the boy will think today so the man will act tomorrow." He had no trouble to show how this is being exemplified in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia, in Mexico and Spain. "Agencies for good as well as for evil are making their bid to youth. In several countries less blessed than our own, atheistic leaders have gained control, and these, too, seek the control of youth, by persuasion where possible, by force where necessary." His Excellency referred to Communistic inroads into the schools of the country. "The leaders of the movement are concentrating on our schools and on our youth, organizing them into groups under some name or other, but Communistic in design and purpose all the same. They boast that they have already enrolled several millions of our American youth, boys and girls, young men and young women between the ages of ten and twenty-one. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell what the harvest will be when these young persons reach maturity." This was no partisan political or religious address, but a patriotic call to arms against a common enemy waging war against our country and Christian civilization.

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CATHOLICS can and should unite with all defenders of justice and decriers of tyranny under whatever form, in admiration of the heroism and nobility of character displayed by the Rev. Martin Niemöller, at present a victim of Nazi tyranny in a Berlin prison. There has not been a century in the Christian era that the Catholic Church has not felt the chains of imprisonment, the sword of persecution, and she has in her children eaten the bread of exile. She and her own children that have escaped the heel of one tyrant to fall a victim to the next find no difficulty in sympathizing with the soldiers of divided creeds who refuse to give to Caesar the things of God. The heartening and inspiring mes-

sage, reminiscent of Paul's earlier message from chains, must have floated like a benediction over his church worshipers and must have made them feel that despite Rosenberg, the Christian sect that can call forth defenders like Niemöller is neither impotent, degenerate nor on the way out. All Catholics may well unite with it that in the earnest prayer of his substitute pastor, Professor Dibelius, "God will give him a firm heart that he may give joyful witness to his Saviour and Redeemer."

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INDEPENDENCE DAY, though covering a weekend this year, showed the good results of the ban on fireworks in many parts of the country. Only two deaths in the nation were directly traced to this cause. New York City where a strict ban on both vendors and celebrants was exercised by the police, showed 919 hospital cases from the bootleg variety of entertainment—this for two days was a big reduction from previous years. Nor did the new ordinance weigh heavily on the youthful patriots. What with new playgrounds, new beaches, parks and pools, the Metropolitan area got along quite well without exploding caps to startle the old and make the entry of the new order not too abrupt. Yet the 437 death total looks large, including 104 drownings and 247 from traffic accidents. The latter figure shows there is still room for education and improvement. Perhaps when one reads of 35,000 automobiles passing through the Holland Tunnel, 34,000 crossing the George Washington Bridge, together with all the other thousands converging on the other highways—to mention New York alone—and all fighting time, our wonder is that the accident and death toll throughout the nation is not even larger.

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A GAVEL in the hands of a Nipponese auctioneer knocked down the sumptuous Temple of Humanity to be used as scrap-iron in the making of Japanese ships. The other deities are giving way before the war god all around the world as the nations rush their preparations for war. According to John T. Flynn in the July *Harper's*, the "national defense" outlay of the great nations excluding the United States leaped from a 1931 figure of \$4,232,000,000 to a 1936 peak of \$9,552,000,000, and will soar to even greater heights this year. Great Britain has abandoned her "Buy British" watchword far enough to cut the tariff on steel by one half, and to wipe out the duties on pig iron entirely. With the European plants unequal to the demand, and the war offices eager to meet the higher American price on steel, it is indeed tedious that we are in the throes of a strike and cannot take a decent cut out of the lush armament melon. Signor Mussolini, with resources inferior to Britain's and not so fat a national wallet, is for scrapping city gates all over Italy to get the coveted metal. It only remains for the Popular Front in France to call in all the Fords of the class of 1930 to make an epidermis for a new submarine.

# PEACE NOT WAR ENSURES THE VICTORY

A sounder strategy against a raucous menace

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

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WHEN crises brew and tempers become frayed a great many sober and intelligent people lose their customary poise. Bookworms yell for blood and iron, paunchy office managers think vaguely of renewing their Reserve Officer's commissions and the more imaginative undergraduates permit themselves day-dreams in which they deploy troops around the bridge-heads of Manhattan Island. These are all symptoms of a war fever which the fathers of the present "young" generation observed around 1914, only today it is more appropriately a civil-war fever or a class-war fever.

It has been increasing slowly but surely during the last few years. The march of the Bonus Army on Washington during the Hoover administration, the violent taxi-cab and elevator strikes in New York City, the prolonged war of the teamsters' and longshoremen's unions on the West Coast, milk riots in the East and the Middle West, and finally the sit-down war employed by the insurgent C.I.O. workers in the automobile industry, and the wars in the steel mills are only the more memorable events in a long chain of disputes characterized by rancor and abuse, sometimes by bloodshed and death. Fight is in the air; hate is no longer disguised. The temporary lull in the mud barrage caused by public nausea immediately after the recent presidential campaign has ceased and capital and labor are primed for a new battle.

The question is more important than mere truculence. Fortunately for the peace and order of the country the average citizen has become inured to bad manners and he has learned to ascribe the antics of extremists to a peculiar twist in the national character, just as he has learned to tolerate the execrable qualities of moving pictures, the irritations of the subway and the misrepresentations of the daily press. His rule is to ignore what he cannot comfortably change. But the war fever is something which he cannot ignore because it is something which ultimately affects himself, however peaceable may be his present disposition. If he is not threatened by the Black Legion he may be threatened by the Red Legion; if he does not fear reprisals from injured but far from innocent capitalism he may have solid reasons to be apprehensive about radically aggressive proletarianism.

Naturally enough, this fever has also affected many Catholics. More conscious than the average citizen of the real significance of the late happenings in Spain, Germany, Mexico and Russia, they naturally resent the hideous injustices disguised in epithets like democracy and progress; offended frequently by the ignorance and ill-will of their fellow Americans, they instinctively adopt a polemical attitude. Certainly no one will deny that they have been provoked beyond reason when practically the entire secular press, the majority of the educational organs of publicity and opinion seem to be in conspiracy to perpetuate fraud.

Yet the one thing the Catholic cannot do is to lose his temper. He cannot afford to splutter or to rage, to be tempted into intemperate statement or abuse, to take sides for the sake of expediency or to become indifferent and inarticulate through disgust. For the end of the campaign of Catholic Action is not peace after victory, but victory through peace; not a political or a social conquest but a free internal moral revolution which is sometimes achieved in slavery and defeat.

Rancor may destroy the main purposes of Catholic Action. Its effect upon the major intention of the Church, the defeat of Marxism, is already visible. Many Catholics seem to think that the crusade against Communism is either military or political. The old-fashioned belligerent wants the police (or the army) to hammer the collective Communist head. His solution is all too frequently death or deportation, Devil's Island or the concentration camp. He prefaces his decree with: "To a certain extent I admire Hitler. . . ." His summary begins: "They scarcely deserve hanging; we pay taxes to send them all the way through college, give them free clinics, free everything and they threaten our liberty. . . ."

On the other hand the legalist wants the Communist suppressed by the extension and enforcement of the sedition laws. By distinguishing between liberty and license in the use of free speech and action, he offers the Communist the alternatives of obedient citizenship or exile. Unlike the belligerent he does not so much favor a conservative police or militia ready to man the machine guns as he does a social or political organization suffi-



ciently powerful to give government an anti-Communist tone. To him Communism is a political party whose emblem has no right to appear on the ballot, whose speakers have no right to use public auditoriums or quasi-public air-waves.

Now the belligerent and the legalist are right only in a very limited sense. It is true that a Communist revolution would have to be suppressed by force if force were necessary; and it is true that in some cases the right of peaceable assembly and of free speech seems to be nullified by the avowed intention of radical orators to prepare their audience at least morally for revolution; but in stressing these facts a more important truth is liable to be overlooked.

The object of the Catholic struggle against the Communist is not physically to subdue Mr. Browder and Mr. Ford (which could be done with a squad of Xavier cadets or a crack troop of the Catholic Boy's Brigade); not to remove the hammer and the sickle from the last column of the voting machine; certainly not merely to enforce a gag law which would deny the Communist his legal if not his moral rights; it is rather to persuade the masses of our citizens that the only real justice is Christian, the only charity is Christian, and the only faith is Christian. In other words the reason why people should not be Communists is that they should be Catholics. The essentially negative character of Communism can be shown only by the opposition of positive Christianity.

The struggle against Communism is the struggle to convert the masses to Catholicism, or at very least to divert them to the principles of the natural law which are the foundations of Christian philosophy. Suppression has the natural consequence of exciting sympathy for the suppressed and of insuring secrecy for their activities. The destruction of political Communism, even if it did not arouse the sympathies of the American people, would be ineffective unless it were accompanied by the growth of a Christian ethic, for Communism is not merely a political phenomenon but a deeply rooted materialistic world-spirit. Cut off one head and another grows in its place. It can only be killed in its soul.

Two things keep the spirit of Communism alive: injustice and ignorance; the one stirring the most inert to action, the other blinding him to purpose; the one raising him up and the other encouraging him to strike. Since no one is more unjust than the victim of injustice whose only redress is violence, the aim of Catholic Action is obviously the removal of injustice and the removal of ignorance. How? By teaching what justice is and what are the means of attaining it.

Concretely, it is the extension of the teachings of the Church in the most practical and particular terms, even when such terms offend the sensibilities of those who insist that the Church stay out of economics and politics. It involves the formulation of definite attitudes and the support of definite programs on relief, housing, wages, hours of labor, taxes, monetary reform and interest; it means the cooperative activity of thousands of intellects in an

effort to establish the matter of justice; it demands as searching an investigation of industrial relations as the scholastic investigation of family and political relations.

More than this, it means that the masses of dispossessed citizens, whose property was confiscated a hundred years ago by irresponsible agents of an irresponsible and unChristian system, must be persuaded that their salvation lies in peaceful action, in an equality so large that it can tolerate hierarchies, in a fraternity so fraternal that it can rejoice in precedence, in a liberty so powerful that it can enforce freedom. And all this is attainable only through persuasion, a power which disappears as soon as the shadow of force appears.

If one divides to conquer one must conciliate to persuade. Catholics must not only put up the sword, but the frown and the angry word, the threat and the show of force. The defeat of Communism as distinguished from the downfall of Communists, the victory of Catholicism as opposed to the advantage of Catholics, these are the ends of the crusade. Surrounded by provocations to anger and reprisal, the Catholic answer should be soft enough to turn away wrath. If he yields to the poisonous atmosphere of distrust and partisanship so common in our own day, if he organizes to "crack down" he can only be physically victorious, and the victory will be Pyrrhic. The real weapon is not the truncheon but the word.

Not the violence of abuse but the violence of zeal and of the Faith, not the hunt for a victim but the search for the victimized should be the marks of this war against Communism. This violence may lead to martyrdom and the search may lead to the jaws of the wolf. But there may be the victory. Communism, the focus and consummation of all modern heresies, is a negative but powerful spiritual force which can be overcome only by the positive spirituality of Catholicism.

The saints, not inquisitors or armies or the decisions of politicians, saved western civilization in the past, and the saints will overcome the arch-heresies of Moscow, Valencia and Berlin tomorrow. Martyr priests who raise bloody stumps to bless their firing squad, little white-faced nuns who pray for those vowed to kill them, tens of thousands of men and women who love and live Christ, all for whom hatred is the supreme evil—these are the true saviors of the world.

Just as Christ in His being is the victory over the world, so a nation of Christians constitutes the only permanent victory over Communism. The opposite of Anti-Christ is Christ, the opposite of hatred is love. Many Christians who yield to the pleasures of denunciation may do well to remember that it was the Evangelist himself who said "He that loveth not, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself. . . . My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (I John iii, 14, 15, 18.) The only legitimate weapon of the Christian in this day of war and rumors of war is Christ and His Love.

# THE ONE-WAY ROAD OF THE WAGNER LABOR ACT

On which John L. Lewis may wreck his chariot

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

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IN his syndicated column published on July 1, Walter Lippmann points out what he considers "an historical curiosity" connected with the Administration's labor policy. It is common enough in other countries, he observes, to see a government raised to power by a labor bloc which it has courted, but "we have never before seen a government which sought to create the labor movement which it would like to represent." To create this movement all the bright young men were called into counsel, and the result was the Wagner Act, ostensibly designed by its author or authors to right the balance between organized industry and unorganized labor. Thus was a labor Act written to placate a labor party that had no real existence.

The story reads like a transcript from Machiavelli, tempered and brightened by a philosophy borrowed from *Alice in Wonderland*. It may be true, for creatures more weird than the Jabberwock have sprung up in the past as Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen rubbed the lamps thoughtfully provided by the potent jinn of the Treasury. But I prefer to think, with due deference to Mr. Lippmann, that here wishful thinking has given us only a well-told tale. This Administration has never been unmindful of the political value of the least of its acts, but in the present instance it seems to me that, whatever the motives of the party in power, underlying the Wagner Act was a real desire to raise the great body of unorganized wage-earners to a level on which they could bargain collectively with organized capital.

That legislation was needed is beyond all question. Years of experience had made it abundantly plain that the great employers were determined to deal only with the employe organization which they could control. During the N.R.A. period, the company-controlled union increased so rapidly that it threatened to become the American type of organization. Obviously, here we had a condition which since it enslaved the worker demanded public intervention.

But back of a law there must be something stronger than a good intention. An extremely unpleasant place is paved, they say, with intentions of the purest ray serene, and at the moment the Wagner Act is bringing the organized labor which

it has stimulated, if it did not create, to the verge of that extremely unpleasant place. In the days of my youth I was fond of a book which I considered a natural history, but which, as recollection brings it once more to my view, I am fain to regard as a record of fables and jests. One story told about a bird with a maternal instinct so overwhelming that it almost constantly sat upon its young, with the benign purpose of shielding them against the weather, hawks, marauding humans and other enemies. The mother of the species loved all too well but with small wisdom, for only the hardiest of the brood would survive, and they usually went through life with an enfeebled constitution. Naturally the race died out, and lives, my book told me, only to those who scan the pages of ancient historians.

I have an idea that unless the overwhelming maternal instinct of the Wagner Act is toned down, the unions which it fosters will likewise, because of a very improper early environment wobble to premature death. For already the populace in various States is arming itself with bats, guns, billiard cues and any handy weapon of defense, or is calling upon the army to protect it against labor unions which demand that it go out on a strike. It is an inverted life we live in, when we see organized labor beseeching the courts to exercise a peremptory power of injunction (which, by the way, they do not possess) and after loudly clamoring for the right of the wage-earner to organize freely, demand that the Governor bring out the militia to force the wage-earner to join a union which he detests. The wedding of Machiavelli and *Alice in Wonderland* has bred monsters.

It would be absurd to lay all the excesses of the C.I.O. unions at the door of Senator Wagner and the Administration. Yet it would seem proper that Senator Wagner and the Administration, as true friends of organized labor, should have told organized labor months ago that it was making a fool of itself. With what face can the C.I.O. insist upon signed contracts, when in one industry alone it violated in a period of a few months more than 200 signed contracts? Such lawlessness plays directly into the hands of men like President Knudsen, of General Motors, who has intimated that the cor-



poration will sign no more C.I.O. contracts unless some guarantee can be given that the unions will respect these contracts. It adds strength to the position of Henry Ford who goes to his office every morning with a new bad word just coined as a synonym for organized labor. More to the point, it tends to create a general public opinion that a labor union's signature is not worth the time it takes to read it.

Sam Gompers knew in a dim foggy sort of way that, like a law, the labor union can accomplish its ends only when public opinion supports it. John L. Lewis seems to have forgotten the little that Gompers knew. Perhaps he is too much occupied in planning alterations in the colonial mansion in Alexandria for which he recently paid \$27,500 and on which, it is said, he will spend \$50,000 more. (I do not mean his twelve-room home at No. 212 South Fairfax Street, but his new purchase, the larger establishment at 429 Washington Street.)

Secretary Roper thinks the Wagner Act can be

amended, and perhaps he speaks for the Administration. I believe that even Secretary Perkins shares this opinion, although it is a trifle early to look for a considered view of the Act from that lady. One reason for an amendment to compel organized labor to recognize its responsibilities is the fact that for some months the management of the C.I.O. has been mismanagement. This disorder is laid by some to Communistic organizers. Representative Maverick, of Texas, claims that these organizers are very few, but Representative Cox, of Georgia, asserts that almost half the number appointed or approved by John L. Lewis are known Communists.

Even if Mr. Maverick is right and Mr. Cox wrong, the case is no better for John L. Lewis. No leader can offer the excuse that he is unable to control his men. When that excuse comes to his mind what he should offer is his resignation. But if he is impotent, Congress, which enacted the Wagner bill, is not—or should not be.

# HITLER SHOULD LEARN A LESSON FROM HISTORY

A hundred years ago Germany was in protest

RAYMOND CORRIGAN



HERR HITLER, we are told, has no sense of humor. Whether or not this is a serious charge, there is really nothing we can do about it. But the apparent lack of historical knowledge in the dictator himself and in his entourage should be easy to remedy. Surely, they must know that 1937 is a centenary year. They must know that just one hundred years ago a languid, drooping Church was galvanized into new vitality by the tyrannical methods of an autocratic government similar to those they are now employing. The lesson is most likely lost so far as the Nazis are concerned. But it should serve to quicken the hopes and sustain the courage of their victims.

In July, 1837, an official report of disheartening conditions in Germany was sent to Rome. This *luttuoso quadro* reveals a clergy, higher and lower, unable and for the most part unwilling to meet the evils of the day, while the upper classes, aristocracy and rising bourgeoisie, practised a sham religion in a spirit of indifference. Only by a miracle of Divine

Providence could a moribund Church be saved! On November 20 of the same year the Archbishop of Cologne, Clemens August von Droste-Vischering, was arrested and dragged off to the fortress of Minden. This was not the miracle for which pious souls had been praying. It was merely an act of high-handed violence on the part of the Prussian Government. But in its effects it turned out almost the equivalent of a direct intervention of Providence. It resulted in a renovation of the Church in Germany and a bad headache for the bureaucrats of Berlin.

It would require very little research to uncover some very significant facts anent the vitalizing influence of persecution. The story of the "Cologne Affair" has been told and retold by German historians. But it is not at all likely that the pagan regime of the present hour will be affected by facts. The leaders are convinced that absolutely and relatively they are vastly more powerful than was the Prussian bureaucracy of a century ago. They are

blind to the analogous increase in strength and organization on the Catholic side. Even Bismarck's futile Kulturkampf must look amateurish to the Hitler ring. But for the people of a Church now locked in a death struggle with the titanic forces of darkness there must be some reassurance in the triumph of right in the past. Joseph Görres could appeal to history in 1837; the historical argument is even stronger now.

For some the chief interest will lie in the principles for which the parties contended; for others it will lie in the rock-like passivity of the Archbishop or in the spontaneous reaction of the Catholic population or in the literary campaign led by Görres. For those of us who do not push parallel details too closely it will suffice to follow the steps by which the weaker side won through to a clear victory for truth, justice and liberty.

The roots of the trouble went back to the huge robbery by which Protestant Prussia came into possession of the Catholic Rhineland after Napoleon's rampage. There were secondary and minor issues, but the main attack was upon Catholic marriage. A Catholic country invaded by Prussian officials was all but helpless before a law that enjoined the rearing of children in the religion of the father. With religion at a low ebb and with the Bishops in connivance with the Government, canonical safeguards for cases of mixed marriage were generally ignored. The spell was broken by a death-bed repentance of the Bishop of Trier which brought to light the contemptible machinations of the Prussian ambassador in Rome.

Papal vigilance was quickened, and among an élite group of laymen a fighting spirit was aroused. But the crucial moment arrived when the Government turned from intrigue and cajolery to strong-arm methods. In line with the older policy the archiepiscopal see of Cologne had been given to a quiet unassuming old man who was confidently expected to rubber-stamp the decisions of the Berlin bureaucracy. Droste-Vischering was not a leader; he was not a fighter. But he was a man of interior life, a man of prayer. He had the curiosity to read more carefully the Papal injunctions on the question of mixed marriages. He would, he firmly stated, endeavor to reconcile his duties to the State with his duties as a shepherd of souls. But where prevailing customs conflicted with the Papal Brief he would follow the Brief. Civil officials above him and around him together with his own cathedral chapter tried to break his "obstinacy." He merely pointed to the Brief, and began one of the most effective sit-down strikes in history.

This, however, was not to be an ordinary endurance struggle. Where Catholics might otherwise have been very slow to react the folly of the Government supplied the spark that produced something very like an explosion of popular opinion. The Archbishop was thrown into prison. At once his name became a rallying cry, and he became a hero, a "martyr." Men who had given little thought to religious grievances, who had numbly submitted to a tyranny that was making a door-mat of their Faith, began to feel the indignation of a persecuted

minority. Clearly, the "absolute" State had overreached itself.

The attack on bureaucracy was led by one of the greatest battlers for liberty in modern times. Joseph Görres, who had hated oppression in all its forms, from the old regime down through the madness of the Jacobins and the megalomania of Napoleon the new State system of the Restoration, wielded the pen that was "worth four army corps." He "roared like a lion," and the echo was heard in the far corners of Europe. His *Athanasius* was an appeal to history, an appeal to conscience and to faith. German writers beyond the frontiers of Prussia followed the lead of Görres. Publications multiplied, the pretensions of the State and the machinations of petty officials were exposed to view, and a passive populace became conscious that civil as well as religious liberties had been trodden upon by the bureaucrats.

A hundred years ago a Prussian king wanted to make good Protestants out of his Catholic subjects. Is it a logical development of the same policy that leads to the present effort to paganize both Protestants and Catholics? The point to insist upon here is that the ruling power, whether Protestant or pagan, has attacked and is attacking the Church. Conversely, the Catholic population is forced to defend its natural human rights in a struggle which most Catholics would gladly evade. In one instance the attacking power made some pretense of religious motivation, although successive changes from Lutheran to Calvinist to Evangelical forms would seem to argue against depth of conviction. In the present case the attack is made in the name of irreligion, crude and unalloyed. But 1837 has at least this much in common with 1937. The fledgling absolutism of the Hohenzollerns was one in kind with the full-blown totalitarianism of the Hitler regime.

It is, of course, rash to predict how human beings, even Catholic human beings, will act or react. Even the Divine warrant for the Church's immortality does not necessarily extend to this or that national group. But a modicum of historical reflection might shake the assurance of the Nazi leaders, as it surely should encourage those who are battling against modern barbarism. Certainly, the Church in Germany is in a far more healthy state now than it was in a century ago. If there is poison in the atmosphere today, it has not penetrated into the vital organs of Catholic Christianity as it had done when the Hierarchy was in alliance with the State against Rome! Then, the Holy Ghost had to generate, so to speak, a new vitality in the lower strata of Catholic life. Now, the Hierarchy is sound, organization is intact, leaders in Germany and in Rome are alert. In the clash of principles a hundred years ago Catholic champions shook off their lethargy, and great converts found their way to the Church. For men like Görres it was a day of opportunity; for men like von Ketteler it was the beginning of a new life. In July, 1837, the pessimistic report of the future Cardinal Capaccini was gloomy indeed; in February, 1838, Metternich could write: "Germany was never more Catholic."



# THE CARD PLAYING OF FATHER PIERRON

From point to point and into Eternity

VINCENT ENGELS

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ON June 27 of the year 1667, Jean Pierron of the Society of Jesus arrived in Quebec. He was thirty-six years old. He had been an instructor in the schools of his order at Rheims, Verdun, Metz. Nothing much had ever happened to him there.

He stayed in Quebec three weeks. Even here, nothing much happened to Father Pierron. There was less excitement than usual that summer in Quebec, no more than could have been expected at Rheims or Metz. The day he arrived, a miracle was reported at Sainte Anne's. The day after, a counterfeiter was hanged. On July 5, Mohawk and Oneida delegates arrived to arrange a truce. Tracy had gone through their country the autumn before, burning cornfields and villages, and they did not want him again.

Quebec at that time was a city of about 1,200 people. It was only sixty years old, but it had already known a number of saints and heroes, some of whom, like René Menard, had been living only yesterday. Isaac Jogues had been dead for twenty-one years; Champlain for thirty-two.

Father Pierron was a hero, too, compared to you and me and the rest of us who never went to school with Jacques Marquette. Any man who could travel "gayly" into the dark lands of the Iroquois in the year 1667, had valor and plenty of it. Jean Pierron's gaiety was not the result of a sense of humor, for he had none. What he had in place of it was *allegresse*, which a Frenchman of our own day once truly and scrupulously set down as the invincible quality of his race. He had that, very obviously, and it never failed him but once, as we shall see; and on that occasion what disturbed him was the idea of his unworthiness, something which seems likely to overtake the best of men, particularly a man like Father Pierron, who was more than a little impulsive, and generally given to exaggerated statement, which is sometimes, not always, the give-away to exaggerated feelings.

Here we may easily be doing him an injustice. All that we know of him is what we have read in the *Relations*. Everybody who has read the *Relations* will know how the temper and mind of any one of these men—Menard, Crépéul, Carheil, Garnier—comes to be revealed after a dozen references, and half a dozen letters, scattered perhaps through

twenty years. Of course, it is not always justly revealed, because of the ignorance and incapacity of the reader; but there it is!—and you feel that you know that man better than you have ever known a character in a novel.

Father Pierron himself had read the magnificent *Relations*. He read them before he became a character in them. And so when he left the life of the seminaries of Rheims, Verdun, Metz, and Pont-à-Mousson for the life of the wilderness, he knew exactly what he was doing. He knew all about canoe travel; about whitewater and portages; and black flies; and summer-time famine. He knew all about winter famines, too; the taste of fir bark; and of birch; the deep snows; the cold. He knew all about Algonquins and Iroquois; and heartbreak and martyrdom. As well as the written word of honest and observing men could tell these things, they had been told, and he had learned them.

Now in Quebec, the Oneida leaders arranged their peace, and left for home. Fathers Bruyas, Frémin and Pierron were sent with them. On August 12 they were at Fort Ste. Anne, where Lake Champlain empties into the Richelieu River. A Mohican war party kept them boarded up here for a few weeks, and Father Pierron wrote a letter. Something was happening to him at last, but he scarcely referred to it. Still in the spirit of Metz, he wrote that he was learning Iroquois, and he admired it; indeed, it reminded him of Greek. Fathers Bruyas and Frémin wrote letters, too. They were silent on the merits of the Iroquois language; what interested them were the intentions of the Mohicans outside the fort. Of course they were old hands: Bruyas had been a year in Canada, and Frémin twelve years, during which time he had gone through scurvy and famine and every known hardship of the forest.

When the Mohicans got tired of waiting and disappeared, the Fathers had a chance to learn to paddle, and how to keep on paddling ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day. Even Father Frémin, twelve years in the country, had done no paddling before. But there were eighty miles of Lake Champlain ahead of them, and in the long, wide, heavy, elm-bark canoes of the Iroquois, everybody had to paddle. From the southern end of Champlain they

portaged half a league of the Lac du Saint-Sacrement, which today is called Lake George. When they had crossed this lake, they beached the canoes, "thankfully" on the part of the Frenchmen, and entered the woods. They were beyond the worst of the mountains now, and the going was easy, over worn trails, all the way to Agnié, the Mohawk country, which with the Oneida country west of it, and the mountain country north, had been closed to the French since the death of de Brébeuf, eighteen years before.

The first village they reached was Gandouagué, where Jogues had been martyred. Here they were well received, and at the capital village of Tionnontoquin also. Bruyas went on alone to the Oneidas; Frémin stayed to look after the flocks of Huron captives, many of whom he knew; and Pierron, after building a chapel with the help of Frémin's Hurons, traveled to Albany to meet the English and the Dutch, and then returned to Quebec to report on all these things. He stayed there through the winter. After he had returned, Father Frémin went on to open a mission among the Senecas.

Pierron settled in to the conversion of the Mohawks. It did not go very rapidly. He had seven villages and thirty miles of country to cover. Much as he admired the language, he had not yet learned to speak it very well. Of course he was able to baptize some of the sick, and a good many of the dying, but among the rest he made no headway. He preached because it was his duty, but preaching seemed worse than useless. Able warriors only taunted him in reply. Old ladies mocked him and put their fingers in their ears. He was fair game for practical jokers, drunks and bullies. Sometimes he was stoned; often he was threatened with knives and tomahawks. Children and dogs ran after him, hooting and yapping. He was always in difficulty. Sick men submitted to baptism and then died, and the medicine men wanted him tortured. Mohican prisoners were brought in and prepared for burning; he cleaned their wounds and offered them baptism. To the indignant warriors he declared: "I love your enemies."

One day he got hold of an old deer skin and began to paint on it. The subject of his painting was death, and it was divided into two sections. In one section were the old men, the children, all the innocents who had been baptized by Father Pierron; paradise was opening to receive them. In the other section were certain dying warriors; the air about them was already heavy with sulphur and brimstone, and the shapes of the damned were to be seen, guarded by devilish figures in the midst of flames.

As Father Pierron painted at this picture, the people assembled around him, young and old, male and female. They were very quiet. Now and then he paused to explain what he was doing. Finally, he painted an old lady with her fingers in her ears. Nearby the earth opened, and flamed, and out of the flames came a demon, advancing on the old lady.

After that, when Father Pierron preached to the

Mohawks, none stopped their ears. He painted more pictures, all on the great subjects of death, judgment, heaven and hell. The elders of the nation began to treat him with courtesy and took him into council. Too much rum was coming into the valley from Albany; the young men rioted among the villages, and were no good on the war path. Father Pierron wrote out their protest, and added one of his own to which the English governor, Francis Lovelace, soon replied, a little surprised at the "virtuous thoughts" of the Indians which he ascribed to "you who being well versed in a strict discipline, have shown them the path of mortification, not only by your precepts, but by your practice." You see from this that not all the English disapproved of the presence of Jesuits among the Iroquois.

Father Pierron sent the letter on to Quebec. With such a testimonial, and with hopeful letters from the other missionaries, Father François le Mercier, came to the premature conclusion that "all the Iroquois nation is on the eve of embracing Christianity."

Pierron knew that they had made no such progress as all that. He listed the number of baptisms for the year, still limited to the sick and the dying, and he was discouraged. Painting had its effect, but it was not enough. He wanted to baptize some able-bodied men.

He had observed that the warriors spent most of their time playing games, not athletic games, but counting games with sticks, straws and stones. And so in the year 1669 he produced a game of his own. He called it: "From Point to Point," for short. Its full name was: "From the Point of Birth to the Point of Eternity." The Mohawks called it: "The Way to Arrive at the Place where One Lives Forever, whether in Paradise or in Hell."

It seems to have been either a card game or one played on a marked board. Father Pierron is not clear on this. He writes of "emblems" which depict the seven Sacraments, the three theological virtues, the commandments of God, the commandments of the Church, the mortal sins, the commoner venial sins, original sin, the four ends of man, the works of mercy. "Grace has a separate tablet." Conscience another. Free Will was in the game too; in short, everything necessary to live the good life and attain salvation.

"We passed the Easter holidays agreeably with this game. All our savages have an extreme passion for learning it, and playing it." Unfortunately for us, he did not provide any detailed instructions as to how the game was played.

Father Pierron played games and painted pictures among the Mohawks six years in all, and in that time brought about some notable conversions. In the winter of 1673-74 he made a remarkable journey through New England, Maryland and Virginia—but that is another story. Later he spent four years among the Senecas, despite the "very great natural repugnance" which he now felt for all the Iroquois. He returned to France in 1678, and in the year 1700, at Pont-à-Mousson his old seminary, he reached the Point of Eternity.



# WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

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## THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS

CALLS from the local police station to literary experts failed to elicit desired information when, on July 1, a heavily bearded man with broad brow and deepest eyes was pushed by vandals from his pedestal at Riverside Park and One-hundred-and-fourth Street, Manhattan. All he had to identify him was an inscription, which did not even give his legal place of residence:

BROWNSON  
1803 — 1876  
Publicist Philosopher Patriot  
He loved  
God Country and Truth

If the police had ventured four blocks further to West One-hundred-and-eighth Street, I should gladly have escorted them to AMERICA's library, where they would have found twenty volumes of Orestes A. Brownson's collected works (Detroit, edited and published by Henry F. Brownson in 1905). They could have spent many happy days in contact with one of our country's most outstanding democrats.

If the Editor of the *Christian Century*, who expressed such deep concern in his issue of June 3 lest the Catholic Church be not properly conforming to the "democratic process" in this country, had turned to Volume XV of Brownson's *Works*, he would have found on page 408 the philosopher defining democracy in terms to which, I assume, he would himself subscribe. As distinguished from a definite form of government, democracy, says Brownson, "is used to designate the doctrine which teaches that all governments rightfully exist, and are to be administered only for the common good of the whole people, especially for the protection and elevation of the poorer and more numerous classes." This, says Brownson, designates the *end* rather than the *form* of government.

This common good, or end, the *Christian Century* sees as being achieved through the "democratic process," the essence of which lies in the "free exchange of cultural values" and the "free contact of difference with difference," which will lead to the "creation of new social values, and thus to a higher integration of social relationships."

The *Christian Century* takes the Catholic Church in this country severely to task for refusing to play its part in the "democratic process" of free exchange. This is all the more reprehensible, since religious freedom, which is of the essence of democracy, is of Protestant origin. Catholics are free, because of the sufferance of the Protestant majority, and they should appreciate this fact.

On this latter point, Brownson's ideas differ from the *Christian Century*. "We owe our freedom," says Brownson, "to the accidents of our situation, and to the fact that the Colonists were very gen-

erally dissenters from the Anglican establishment, identified with the Anglican monarchy, not at all to Protestantism as such." Indeed I myself find it difficult to grasp the *Christian Century's* point of view, when I recollect that such religious toleration as existed in Maryland was abolished by the Puritans, that the Protestant religion was established there by the Protestant Anglicans, and that it was a Catholic, Daniel Carroll, who was the first outspoken advocate for the First Amendment.

The Editor of the *Christian Century* draws up a list of various Catholic beliefs and policies, such as the Church's "vast property system" (Protestant educational and philanthropic institutions, of course, live on air); allegiance to an "alien temporal sovereign"; a "hierarchical priestly system"; attempts to "control" the public schools; requirements for mixed marriage: in short, the staple alarms of the Thirty-third Degree Masons, Southern Jurisdiction. His complaint is that Catholics have not furnished any sufficient "apologetic."

If the Editor will consult the files of AMERICA for any number of past years, particularly its editorials and articles on educational topics, he will find "apologetic" enough for the most exacting.

Catholics, however, may wish to do a little question-asking in return. May we not ask if it is in accordance with the "democratic process" that we should be vilified because we insist upon the most primary of all democracies, the sanctity of human life, even of the unborn child, and see a menace to human liberty in compulsory sterilization and legalized artificial contraception? Is it "democratic" when little Catholic children are forbidden to ride to the school of their parents' choosing on buses which their parents are legally obliged to support?

Why are the majority of Negroes in this alleged democratic country obliged to live and die under a jimcrow system that originated with Protestantism, that has been maintained by Protestantism, and that has fire-eating, pro-lynch law Baptist and Methodist preachers as its most ardent supporters? Is it "democracy" when such men profess contempt for the self-sacrificing Catholic priests and nuns who give their means, their brains and their lives that they may effect for these Negroes at least a foundation of those urgent "civic reforms" which an overwhelmingly Protestant social and political regime prevents their carrying out?

Catholics are as devoted to the "democratic process" as any, though they will not suffer it to extend to revealed doctrines and Divinely established institutions. If the exchange is a "fair exchange," and not the imposition of a fanatical *volonté générale*, they will be found ready to do their part in the "creative process" of building a "free America," to use Herbert Agar's phrase.

JOHN LAFARGE

## C. S. AND C. I. O.

WITH the tacit consent of the Administration, Jacob Baker, formerly an assistant to the grandiose Keeper of the Purse, Harry Hopkins, has begun to organize the Government employes into One Big Union. Almost at the same time, the President expressed his regret that in enacting a recent bill Congress once more assured all prospective job-holders that they need not worry their little heads about passing a civil-service examination. All that would be required under the Act was the approval of the local and the Federal political boss, certifying party loyalty.

We are happy to note that at last the President begins to realize the extravagance and the danger to decent government inherent in the loot system of appointing Federal employes. We still think that a few vetoes, accompanied with a vigorous message, would be more corrective than an occasional slap on the wrist of Congress, and in our judgment those vetoes should have begun four years ago. But let that pass. What puzzles us at the moment is how the requirements of an honest, non-political civil-service system can be made to fit in with the requirements of the C. I. O. Hitherto the practical test for applicants for Government service has been loyalty to a political party. Will Mr. Baker change the test to make it paid-up membership in a C.I.O. union?

Absurd as our contention may appear, we still hold that the sole test should be fitness, ascertained by open competitive examination. When we say "open" we mean just that. If no one can discover what questions were set in an examination, or what comparative ratings were awarded by the examiners, or even the names of those who took the examination, then the stage is set for fraud and injustice. Government officials may style the process what they will, but the fact remains that it is nothing but a cover by which the civil-service requirements are cunningly, ruthlessly, set aside to reward party hacks.

Conditions under which Federal employes exist are deplorable, but we do not believe that they will be improved by the Lewis tactics. They can be improved only by a decent civil-service system, honestly and intelligently conducted. The curse of the system ever since its inauguration more than half a century ago has been partisan politics. Again and again has Congress enacted legislation to create positions outside the system, and never has it worked so assiduously as in the last four years. But matters will not be made better through unions headed by a man one of whose first official acts was to raise \$500,000 as labor's contribution to a political campaign. Government employes will then be at the mercy of the politicians in the union as well as of the politicians in Congress.

The test should not be a C. I. O. card, nor should it be the approval of the political boss. It should be fitness certified by examination under a competent and honest Civil Service Board. We must choose between the merit system and the loot system.

## EDITOR

### WHICH HOUSE?

UPON whose head does the President invoke a malison when he glanced at our labor wars last week and quoted from *Romeo and Juliet*? Probably he referred to that modern scion of the House of Bourbon, "Tom" Girdler, and to the bemused John L. Lewis who intended to hatch a dove of peace and finds that he has let loose a pack of wolves. But it is also possible that the President had in mind the C. I. O. and the A. F. L. At a time when labor needs union and cool counsel, these associations are locked in bitter struggle, with one of them, infested with Communists.

### THE WEAKNESS OF

WHEN the Committee for Industrial Organization began its campaign for free labor unions in the steel and motor industries, we applauded the wisdom and energy of its resourceful leader, John L. Lewis. The wage-earners in these fields had never been able to organize, and all attempts by the American Federation of Labor to introduce the crafts unions had failed miserably. The Lewis plan, intrinsically sound and eminently practicable, promised the employer and the employe benefits of great value. No serious opposition would be set up, we believed, except by the most reactionary employers, determined to demand from their employes a maximum of labor for less than a living wage. Our anticipations were verified when after a hard fight the older steel companies and the General Motors Corporation signed labor contracts with the C.I.O. unions organized by Mr. Lewis and led by Homer Martin.

Unfortunately this promising beginning has been largely nullified by the violence in the labor field that has gone on hardly without interruption for the last three or four months. We still believe that the Lewis plan is sound, and are confirmed in this belief by William S. Knudsen who, after all his troubles with C. I. O. strikers, has no quarrel with the principle that wage-earners must be permitted to organize, and that employers should enter into collective bargaining with representatives chosen by the union. But while no fault can be found with the basis and framework of the C. I. O. union, it is perfectly obvious that the high hopes of Mr.



## MADAM SECRETARY

MADAM Secretary of Labor has many tasks in these troubled days. Probably that is why her hasty judgment on the sit-down strike issued in January was followed by a pied statement on March 26 which remained unclarified until July 4. We are happy to read that lawless methods in conducting strikes will not be tolerated by the Department of Labor, but while we are grateful for this statement, we must observe that it is some six months late. It is good to condemn arson, but better to strike the torch from the hand of the felon. We welcome fire insurance but we prefer fire prevention.

## NESS OF THE C. I. O.

Lewis—and of the public—have not been fulfilled.

It can hardly be said that the C. I. O. has created an atmosphere in which employers and employes can work harmoniously for their mutual benefit. Nor can it be said that any great effort has been made to win the cooperation and support of the public at large. Because of its stormy career the C. I. O. is probably weaker today than at any time since its organization, and that despite the fact that within a brief period it has enlisted a membership practically equal to that of the American Federation of Labor. It is not the largest army that wins battles, but the army with the best officers.

It is abundantly plain that the C. I. O. is lamentably weak in genuine leadership. It has plenty of organizers who can gather together undisciplined mobs, but very few who can take a group of workers and turn them into a compact army of men who know their rights and are determined to use every proper means to secure them. The presence of Communists and of other professional trouble-makers in the C. I. O. ranks will not strengthen the union but will, in all probability, stir up a hostile public opinion which will cripple it.

Within the last two weeks, the C. I. O. has rid itself of some of the more objectionable of its organizers, but much more remains to be done. As a friend of organized labor, we urge John L. Lewis to take his biggest broom and to sweep clean. Unless he sets to work at once the C. I. O. is doomed to follow the I. W. W.

## THE SUPREME COURT BILL

LAST week Senator Logan, of Kentucky, added a note of grim humor to the debate on the President's plan to reorganize or, as some deem it, to pack the Supreme Court. Reporting a conference with the opposition, Senator Logan said, according to the press, that he had offered every compromise, even to the extent of so wording the bill that if enacted it would not take effect until President Roosevelt had retired from office. To his surprise, this compromise was rejected.

But no one who understands the temper of the men who have dared oppose the President will share that surprise. They do not reject the plan because President Roosevelt suggested it. Partisan interests do not dictate their conclusions, for many of them are Democrats who know well that by opposing the President they take their political lives in their hands. The opposition is based on the conviction that the President's plan would destroy the independence of the Federal judiciary.

That President Roosevelt may have all the virtues of Washington and Lincoln, may be true or false, but in either case it is a consideration that is not material. The one material issue in this conflict is that no President present or to come shall be authorized by Congress to impair the constitutional independence of the Supreme Court. All personalities should be excluded from the debates in Congress, as well as all partisan political interests or apparent obligations. The President's motives are not the issue, nor is the welfare of the Democratic party. We are asked to consider a proposition which, as all agree, is of supreme importance to the Republic.

We now face a condition graver than that brought before Lincoln in 1861. The issue then was the survival of two independent Republics. To those who are convinced that the President's plan makes the independence of the Supreme Court and the tenure of its justices dependent upon the good will of the Executive, the issue now is whether we shall have even one free and independent Government as established by the Federal Constitution.

The President stated that he would not compromise on the stand he announced five months ago. He has not compromised, for in the bill defended by Senator Logan, there is no trace of compromise. There are minor changes, but these do not affect the real vice of the original proposition. The original proposition remains unchanged in every point which affects the Supreme Court. It will still enable Congress and the Executive to override the decisions of the judiciary whenever these rulings conflict with policies which the party in power deems necessary. It sets a precedent which in time will be enlarged by ambitious politicians in the White House, and so bring to an inglorious end Government under the Constitution established by our fathers.

We have been assured that nothing of the sort can possibly happen. The answer is that no guarantees can be given for these assurances. In every

country in which a dictatorship has been established, the first steps were taken by undermining the authority of the judiciary, on the plea that it prevented the enforcement of absolutely necessary reforms. It is a truth fundamental in all constitutional governments that courts are established to protect the individual against encroachment upon his rights by legislatures and executives. Until the people are blinded to that truth, no dictatorship can arise.

In our judgment, this new bill has all the vices of the original bill with a few peculiar to itself. It impairs the independence of the Federal judiciary and leads to its destruction. It overthrows the system of checks and balances between the three coordinate branches of the Federal Government. It puts into the hands of the Executive a power which "no good man should desire and no bad man should possess." Once more we make our own the hope expressed by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary in its report rejecting the original bill. The substitute "should be so emphatically rejected that its parallel well never again be presented to the free representatives of the free people of America." On that position we take our stand.

## TACTICS AND JUSTICE

AS the court opened at Decatur to begin a series of trials in the Scottsboro case, the "compromise plan" seems to have been set aside. Of the tactics used by what the press has styled "the opposition," which opposition is the sovereign State of Alabama, we have little knowledge. We know as little of the tactics which the legal counsel of these prisoners now propose to employ.

But we feel no great concern with the tactics of either the prosecutor or of the defense. What alone is most serious here is the fact that after more than six years in jail, these men accused of a crime for which the penalty is death, have never been able to secure a fair trial, in the sense of the Constitution, from the State of Alabama.

That the constitutional rights of these men have been grossly disregarded since March, 1931, is a fact certified by the Supreme Court of the United States. Unhappily, it is impossible to set aside the conclusion that these rights have been violated simply because the indicated men are Negroes.

If men accused of crime can be put in peril of their lives because of a circumstance which has not the slightest connection with guilt or innocence, who among us is safe? The chief difference between an attempt to lynch by mob violence and an attempt to lynch under color of formality of the law is that the latter is a crime of blacker dye.

In the eyes of the law these men are innocent. They remain innocent until, after a fair trial before a jury of their peers, they have been declared guilty. Whatever any man's opinion of their guilt, they are entitled to a trial during which the least of their rights is jealously guarded by the courts and by every official of the State. Not yet have they been accorded that trial. Let us hear less of "tac-

tics," a shameful word in the mouth of a prosecutor, and more of an earnest desire to mete out to all even-handed justice.

## LOOKING ON HIM

ART, when she turns her eyes to God, should be the handmaiden of piety, but often she is a bungling servant who breaks all our ideals of supernatural beauty. Of the pictures of Our Lord, for instance, from the days of the Catacombs to our own, not one fully satisfies. To show us a Figure that is at once human and Divine is, perhaps, a task foredoomed to failure. The highest art can only suggest, and we shall not rest satisfied until with these eyes of flesh transformed unto glory we look upon Him in the courts of Heaven.

Until that blessed day dawns, we must be content to paint our own pictures of Him, letting them reflect what we learn from the teaching of the Church and from a loving study of the Gospels. In the inspired pages, we see Him now teaching His followers from the boat of Peter, now healing the sick and consoling the afflicted, now sternly rebuking the oppressors of the people, now offering for us the supreme Sacrifice of the Cross, now rising gloriously from the tomb and ascending to His Father. Confessedly, our gallery of pictures will be poor enough, but it will appeal to us because it is our own.

In the Gospel which the Church reads to us tomorrow (Saint Luke xix, 41-47) we find Our Lord in two roles which may at first appear somewhat inconsistent. First, He shows the tenderness of His Sacred Heart as He looks at the beautiful city of Jerusalem, and weeps over the realization that alien armies will level it to the dust. But on the following day, He seems to forget His tenderness, for going into the Temple He "began to cast out them that sold therein and them that bought." That He did not confine Himself to a mere eviction is evident from the words of Saint Mark who writes (xi, 15) that He overthrew the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves. Since the Temple was crowded with Jews making ready to celebrate the Passover, we may be sure that Our Lord's energetic action was told all over the city that night.

Yet one role does not contradict the other. Perhaps our somewhat mawkish piety is derived from our concept of a somewhat mawkish Christ. Too often what today is accepted as religious art represents Jesus of Nazareth as a weakling whom we might pity, but whom we could hardly accept as our Master and Captain. But Our Divine Lord, while He was gentle and loving, beyond the power of human words to tell, was no weakling.

He loved the sinner, but He hated sin. He sympathized with men distressed by doubt, but never said they need not trouble to find at all costs the light. On the contrary, He plainly preached that unless they believed, they could not be saved. In Him was all sweetness, but in Him was all strength, the strength of God, and the human strength that was His because He was a perfect man.



# CHRONICLE

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HOME NEWS. July 1, Secretary Morgenthau announced the tripartite agreement between Great Britain, France and the United States for stabilization of international currency would continue. . . . The Government's fiscal year ended June 30 with a net deficit of \$2,707,000,000, and a gross public debt of \$36,425,000,000, according to Secretary Morgenthau. Senator Glass declared the debt was nearer \$40,000,000,000. The year's deficit was about \$150,000,000 more than estimated by President Roosevelt on April 20. The debt was an increase of \$2,646,000,000 for the fiscal year. . . . July 2, Amelia Earhart alighted on the Pacific Ocean near Howland Island. Ships and planes of the United States Navy searched for her at an estimated cost of \$250,000 a day. . . . In New York, the Communist Party announced it would support Mayor La Guardia for re-election. . . . July 4, Catholic Boy Scouts attending the Jamboree in Washington, heard a pontifical Mass at the base of Washington Monument. . . . A survey flight for transatlantic air service was conducted July 3. One large flying boat of the Pan-American Airways flew from the United States to Ireland; another of the Imperial Airways, Ltd., of London, winged its way in the opposite direction, landed safely in Newfoundland. The successful test was considered as making early transatlantic air service certain.

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THE STRIKE FRONT. Negotiations for renewal of contract between General Motors and C. I. O. were slowed up. C. I. O. violated its present contract more than 200 times and General Motors wants some sort of guarantee that a new contract would be respected by C. I. O. . . . July 1, Miss Perkins said she had seen nothing to indicate that the C. I. O. was in the hands of irresponsible leaders. Certain individuals of the C. I. O. might be irresponsible, however, she hinted. . . . It was revealed July 1 that the C. I. O. intended to circularize Ford employees with 10,000 copies of a speech made by Representative Maverick of Texas—the speech to be sent out in franked Congressional envelopes supplied to Union headquarters by Mr. Maverick. . . . Representative Ditter of Pennsylvania asked Secretary Perkins her position on the sit-down strike after the Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia declared it illegal. She answered July 3 that her former apparent approval of the sit-down had been an off-hand remark in a press conference. She denied that she ever viewed the sit-down as "either lawful, desirable or appropriate." . . . The method should be dropped, she declared. . . . July 4, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania told steel-strike sympathizers in Johnstown, "you don't need violence when you have a man like Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington . . . a liberal Congress . . . and a Governor like

me in Pennsylvania." . . . He told the unionists they must oust Reds and keep their contracts. The effort to bring in 40,000 miners for the rally failed. About 10,000 appeared. . . . July 5, another Cabinet member, Secretary Roper, issued a statement on the strike crisis. He declared both sides must apply the rule of reason. . . . A C. I. O. strike still paralyzed a score of shipyards in the New York-New Jersey area. . . . July 7, John L. Lewis announced a drive to organize the 300,000 maritime workers in the United States. . . . Three Republic Steel mills opened in Cleveland under the guard of militia bayonets. In the vast seven-State strike area, only two steel plants were still shut down. All other strike-affected mills, Republic, Bethlehem, Inland and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, reported they were speeding production. . . . A. F. of L. truck drivers, July 2, almost paralyzed Philadelphia business activity for a few hours. A truce brought the "labor holiday"—a protest against the C. I. O.—to a halt. July 6, the A. F. of L. defeated the C. I. O. in a collective bargaining election in the baking industry in Philadelphia. . . . In Detroit, July 6, fifteen felony warrants were handed down against certain Ford employees, accused of beating C. I. O. leaders at the company's Rouge River plant on May 26. The National Labor Relations Board began hearing witnesses on charges that the Ford Company had violated the National Labor Relations Act. The Ford Company challenged the Labor Board's jurisdiction, asserting interstate commerce was not involved. . . . July 7, one man was killed, twenty shot, many injured in a fight between strikers and police at the Alcoa, Tenn., plant of the Aluminum Company of America. . . . At Youngstown, Ohio, 200 persons were indicted by a grand jury investigating steel strike violence.

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THE CONGRESS. July 2, the Bankhead Farm Tenancy Bill, appropriating, after two years, \$50,000,000 annually to aid tenant farmers to acquire homes and lands, passed the Senate. . . . July 1, the House passed the 1938 Rivers and Harbors Bill, authorizing projects totalling \$32,275,300. . . . July 4, Senator Byrd declared conditions approaching "a national scandal" were being created by the "sinful and absurd waste" in the Resettlement Administration's homestead projects. . . . July 1, Senator Ellenor of Louisiana informed the Senate he envisaged in the possible success of the C. I. O. movement the crumbling of the American form of government. . . . July 1, members of the joint committee investigating tax avoidance criticized Internal Revenue Bureau officials for only now bringing to the attention of Congress tax-dodging devices of which they have had knowledge for the last five years. . . . July 2, Administration leaders introduced into the Senate

a substitute court bill permitting the President to appoint one new Supreme Court Justice a year to supplement those Justices passing seventy-five years of age and refusing to retire. The bill was regarded as an attempt by the Administration at face-saving after the outcry caused by the President's original measure. White House spokesmen in the Senate moved for support of the new bill on the basis of loyalty to President Roosevelt. Foes of the original court-packing scheme declared the new bill threatens independence of the Supreme Court just as much as the first one did. . . . Congresswoman Mary T. Norton, of New Jersey, became head of the important House Labor Committee.

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THE PRESIDENT. July 4, Mr. Roosevelt, spending the holiday at Hyde Park, New York, took reporters over his 560 acres, explained to them that he does no farming on the land, running the place for profit on timber. It was believed he was answering recent charges in Congress that he availed himself of tax-dodging loopholes. . . . July 4, the President proclaimed the period from September 17 of this year to April 30, 1939 for commemoration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution. . . . July 6, President Roosevelt announced he had asked heads of executive departments to trim ten per cent from all but fixed expenditures for the fiscal year. . . . July 1, the President greeted the Canadian nation on the occasion of its seventieth anniversary as a confederation.

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SPAIN. July 3, the semi-official paper *Diario de Burgos* announced General Franco is willing that volunteers withdraw from Spain. General Franco is surprised, the paper adds, that Great Britain and France are now so insistent on withdrawal of volunteers. If they had not refused to forbid the recruiting of the International Brigade, Franco would have captured Madrid and the war would now be over. Nations hostile to the Nationalist cause when it needs friends can not expect preferential treatment, when the war is over, the article maintained. . . . The International Writers' Congress was scheduled to be opened July 4 in Valencia, seat of the Red Government. . . . The Nationalist forces continued pushing their way toward Santander. . . . July 5, the Leftist regime opened an offensive around Madrid. Nationalist headquarters reported 2,000 Reds were killed in the push.

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IRELAND. July 6, the Free State election ended in a stalemate. The final count gave de Valera's Fianna Fail 69 members in the new Dail Eireann; the Cosgrave party 48; Labor 13 and Independents 8. President Eamon de Valera thus has not even a majority of one over all other parties. He had asked to be returned with a comfortable majority. He will now be forced to depend on support from Labor or the Independents in order to govern. With regard to the new Constitution, the vote was: 686,042 for and 528,196 against, a majority of 157,746.

RUSSIA. July 2, Russia backed down before Japanese demands, withdrew troops and naval cutters from the islands in the Amur River. . . . July 2, the Kremlin floated a huge defense loan of 4,000,000,000 rubles . . . July 5, twenty-two more Russians, employes of the Transiberian Railroad, were shot. July 2, the execution of 120 more was announced.

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GERMANY. July 1, Rev. Martin Niemöller, backbone of the Protestant resistance, was arrested, jailed by the Hitler Government . . . July 4, Cardinal von Faulhaber, addressing 7,000 Catholics in Munich, declared the final showdown between Catholicism and the Nazi regime was fast approaching. The Cardinal pointed out that subsidies given the Church by the State were in reality compensation for property confiscated during the period of secularization. The Cardinal revealed an attempt had been made to frame him. He received a letter from the Netherlands saying his previous communication had been received and that "poison had been provided and a man found to kill the high State official to whom you referred." The letter was intended for detection by the censor, the Cardinal believed.

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PALESTINE. July 7, the British Government proposed a threefold partition of Palestine, to put an end to Arab-Jewish bloodshed. Under the proposal, there will be a Jewish State, mostly in the plains along the seacoast, and an Arab State, including the whole of Trans-Jordan with a port at Jaffa. Britain would receive a permanent mandate for the holy cities of Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem and a corridor to the sea. If the League of Nations approves, the British Government will put the plan into effect. Britain will also seek consent to the plan from the United States, a party to the existing Palestine mandate treaty of 1924.

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FOOTNOTES. Chinese and Japanese troops clashed near Peiping July 8. Three hours of constant firing were reported with no sign of any abating. . . . July 3, British Foreign Secretary Eden reiterated his Government's determination to preserve Spanish territorial integrity. . . . July 4, Argentina's Foreign Minister, speaking in Buenos Aires, made a strong plea for the Monroe Doctrine as the best means of defending the Americas from foreign ideologies. . . . July 1, royal prerogatives were conferred on Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Hungary's Regent. . . . July 3, at the meeting of the International Federation of Trade Unions in Warsaw, the A. F. of L. was affiliated with the world body. . . . July 4, an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Premier Salazar of Portugal was staged. A bomb was placed in front of a private chapel where the Premier usually attends Mass. The bomb exploded, but the Premier was unhurt. . . . July 3, 6,000 Catholics walked to Mexico City from the State of Querétaro, to plead for the reopening of their churches. . . . The Count of Covadonga divorced one wife, married another in Havana, July 3.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## PIONEER

EDITOR: Father Alfred Barrett in his fine article, *Eileen Duggan, New Zealand's Poet* (May 29), complains that except for an article by Father Martin-dale in the *Month* for March, 1935, he has seen no mention of Miss Duggan's poetry. It may interest him to know that I wrote on the same subject in the *Commonweal* about ten years ago.

Emmitsburg, Md.

THEODORE MAYNARD

## U.S.A. WAR

EDITOR: St. Thomas lays down three conditions which make war licit: (1) War must be waged by public authority. (2) A just cause is required. (3) A right intention is also necessary.

I recall few modern wars that comply with conditions two and three. Trade wars, wars for prestige, etc., hardly fill the bill. As to the Spanish revolt, I regard it as a licit rebellion against tyranny. But I see no reason for us to go to war except to repel invasion. The danger is that we will once more nail the dollar sign to the American flag, as we did in 1917. If this be untheological pacificism, well, make the most of it.

St. Augustine, who was also a Doctor of the Church, called most wars *magna latrocinia*. It is rather difficult to perceive any just cause for a country such as ours becoming involved in war.

Woodstock, Md. LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

## POOR MAN OF WEALTH

EDITOR: Elizabeth Lincoln's essay, *Why Neglect the Poor Man of Wealth?*, (AMERICA, July 3) is the most heartbreaking thing I have encountered since my reception into the Church. It seems to me that some of Miss Lincoln's statements are direct infringements of central Catholic doctrine. It seems to me, honestly, that these ancient, battered heresies which the good lady propounds will have the effect of scandalizing many honest souls seeking the Faith. I also believe, myself, that the good and high-toned Miss Lincoln has furnished support to the old libel: "The Jesuits believe that the end justifies the means."

It seems to me that AMERICA has given space for a lady to promulgate The Great American Heresy: the thesis that success for the Church consists in bringing in Numbers and Influence. As a Catholic who loves his Church and is trying desperately to live by doctrine, I say No. I say that the Church must remain the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

There is nothing in the Faith forbidding the hon-

est acquirement of wealth in business (presuming the wealth is not used for worldly exaltation). But I am sure that the attachment to social distinction is exactly "The Pride of Life" which is so disgusting to the Holy Ghost. If you cannot serve both God and Mammon, you surely cannot serve both God and The Four Hundred. The Church forgives our little vanities; but she will make no terms with those who defend vanity as a viable article of doctrine.

We are all (as I understand it) called to be saints, not art-canoozers or fox-hunters. And he who preaches a mitigated call, a truncated gospel, is no Catholic. None of us succeeds in this life in rendering a perfect answer to the call. But woe to him who denies the wholeness of the call!

Exactly what makes Holy Church unique—in the face of the horde of protestantisms and false mysticisms which today darken the face of the earth—is that her personality is uncongenial to buttlings and interior decoration and the goods which can be bought at Ye Antique Art Shoppe and Mayflower heraldry for ladies from Muncie.

The Catholic Church of Christ is a great net which searches for and contains the saints, the sinners and the mediocre. But she has never yet, in her dear infallible history, compromised a single iota of the Faith.

New York

DAVID GORDON

EDITOR: Elizabeth Lincoln in her spirited plea for the Poor Man of Wealth (AMERICA, July 3) protests against the emphasis given to the "seemingly unimportant fact" that in the Church "prince and pauper, gentleman and uncouth are alike and where all are equally at home." It was not an unimportant fact for Saint Paul, who taught as his own special gospel and as "The Mystery" par excellence, that all barriers are down between Jew and Gentile and both are one in Christ; who exclaimed in a climax of exultation that in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile, male nor female, rich nor poor.

It is a paramount fact for the Church today in a world caught in the dilemma between unfettered individualism and soulless collectivism, and lacerated by strife between class and class, between black man and white man, and between nation and nation even within the fold of Christendom. If the Kingdom of Christ is to reassert its sovereignty over the world, we must become imbued to the core with the doctrine that out of the blood and pain of Calvary Christ forged a new humanity, where each retains his individual mark and gifts but where all are united in Christ and so to each other in organic union.

Miss Lincoln fails to grasp the full nature and riches of the Sacrament of the Altar when she in-

sists that in Communion the Catholic is concerned *entirely* with "the exquisite intimate relationship between Christ and his own soul with its needs." *Primarily*, if you wish, but not *entirely*. Communion is not a private and purely individual devotional act. It is a public, communal, liturgical sharing in the public, communal sacrificial meal of the Church.

The early Christians used to send portions of the consecrated species from one altar to visitors from another Church in token of their union in the Sacrament. Saint Thomas, and after him the teaching Church in the Council of Trent, tells us that the thing symbolized in this Sacrament is the unity of the Mystical Body of Christ. We have in fact a double sign; the accidents of bread and wine symbolize the Body and Blood of Christ; and the Body and Blood of Christ in Its turn symbolizes, and brings about, our union with Christ and with each other. We cannot afford in this day and hour to let any of the meaning of this Sacrament elude us; for to the Red International of hate, which is encircling the globe with division, we oppose the White International of the Immaculate Host, which links all Christians, and seeks to link all men in a secure bond of supernatural union.

New York, N. Y.

GERARD J. MURPHY

## ANY BREVIARIES

EDITOR: Would you be so kind as to bring to the attention of the reverend clergy the need for old and discarded sets, or individual copies of the *Breviarium Romanum* among the members of a Catholic laymen's society who are known as Approved Workmen?

For nearly seven years these men have been meeting monthly to recite the Divine Office in choir; the recitation being partly in Latin, and in English. Since their affiliation with the League of the Divine Office the members of this society have been attracted more and more to the official language of Holy Church; they propose now to use it exclusively in choir.

Because of the expense attached to new sets it has been suggested to make this appeal for old Breviaries, but such as contain the reform of Pius X. Kindly address the undersigned at 2267 Crescent Street.

Astoria, N. Y.

EUGENE P. MCSWEENEY

## PROFIT-SHARING DAILY

EDITOR: Some days ago the Associated Press carried a dispatch from Havana to the effect that the big Havana daily, *Diario de la Marina*, owned by Dr. José I. Ribero, had entered into a profit-sharing plan with its employees. It is interesting to note that it was this paper whose offices were bombed last fall because of its Spanish pro-rebel sympathies. Dr. Ribero is a sterling Catholic and his paper is a model of what a secular newspaper under Catholic auspices can be. The *Diario* is the best newspaper in Cuba and one of the best in the world. I heartily

recommended it for its news value alone, especially on matters concerning Spain. May Dr. Ribero and his paper, the *Diario de la Marina*, have many imitators.

Spring Hill, Ala.

P. H. YANCEY, S.J.

## GET TOGETHER

EDITOR: I can't agree that it is a healthy condition to have the Catholic Press shooting off in all directions on every conceivable secular and some religious subjects, under circumstances as are had at present.

The followers of any publication are necessarily indoctrinated to some extent with the point of view of that publication. The points of view of Catholic publications differ radically and they clash violently even on things closely approaching the fundamentals of Christianity. Very, very few people are in a position to weigh and evaluate regularly the contributions of even four or five Catholic publications and thus by a slow accretion build up an independent practical philosophy. (It is probably true that these few will be more interested in the proposed remedy than will the thousands who take their indoctrination "straight.")

Some time ago the *Sign* printed a suggestion of the writers that each publication solicit and index against inquiry names of readers who had signified a willingness to meet other readers to discuss or practise some of the ideas promoted by the publication, and the *Christian Front* is trying the experiment.

I now propose the logical and necessary sequel: Let the Catholic Press promote, with a united front, the establishment of "clearing houses for Catholic thought" in every community in this country.

Then all the Catholic papers could get together and see how much of the editorial labor can be canceled out and forgotten, and what kernel of sound philosophy may perchance be sifted from the overwhelming and bewildering mess that is current "Catholic thought."

Flushing, N. Y.

R. E. SCOTT

## TYROL ALSO GERMAN

EDITOR: In your otherwise excellent editorial (AMERICA, July 3), entitled "Herod in the Tyrol," dealing with Hitler's closing of the Catholic schools in Bavaria, permit me to call your attention to a geographical inaccuracy, in that Tyrol is an Austrian province and, consequently, not subject to Nazi Germany.

Recently you published a fine article holding up Austria as the ideal Catholic state, which, of course, is inconsistent with the editorial in question. Despite Germany's ardent wooing of Austria for *Anschluss*, Austria has as yet not been beguiled to promise to love, honor and obey Hitler and, therefore, God be praised, there is no Herod in The Tyrol!

Paterson, N. J.

FILomena T. WALTER



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## OPEN LETTER TO MARJORIE HILLIS

MARY E. McLAUGHLIN

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BEING a live-aloner and rather liking it, I read your first book last year and even bought and gave copies to other derelicts. I thought it contained some perfectly grand ideas—with some foolish ones—and I enjoyed reading and quoting it. When your new book, *Orchids on Your Budget*, came out, I popped over to Stern's and bought me a copy. Not being successful in having even dandelions regularly in my daily unbudgeted life, I was most eager indeed to learn how to achieve the great *desideratum* of the luxurious orchid in my daily habits and so, in one uninterrupted hour and a half I went in for intense orchid culture, or acquisition, *via* the Hillis-Mury method. My reactions to this experiment I shall now tell you.

The new book is good, but I doubt if you have added much to what you said last winter. You certainly have the gift of inspiring people to do something definite about themselves, their homes or their clothes, and of doing it that very minute—not when they move, when they get a raise, or when they have more time. That, I believe, is sound psychology: acting instantly on every resolution. I am also greatly attracted by your insistence on fewer and better everythings, tangibles and even intangibles; your continual fastidiousness, although with no touch of the sybaritic. And your comments on the Quaint recall Booth Tarkington in some passages in which I have liked him best.

But now, Miss Hillis, in your extensive business and literary experience, in your many case histories, among the women readers whom you are addressing and who you trust may read and buy your books, is there not even one poor, lone, isolated, unique Catholic? Your two books say no. It is quite conceivable that among your personal friends there may be no Catholics: I have no Jewish or Quaker intimates. But I surely could not contemplate addressing an article, of very general interest, to my women contemporaries, American or otherwise, and in my prescriptions completely ignore the well-known daily and weekly habits of one of the largest groups.

Are the Catholic women of whom you have at least heard all married or living happily with

friends? Are those who are alone *chic*, serene and problem-less, being already supplied with the requisite number of bed-jackets and proficient in the technique of wearing them? Have they all the correct liquor and the necessary number of cleansing creams? Are they all such perfect managers as to be unable to derive some pleasure from your instruction or some inspiration from your words? I do not believe so. Or are they all too negligible and unworthy of your notice? It seems very strange to me that this is so.

Are there no struggling or successful business women, single or widowed, or no *nouveaux pauvres*—Smart Poor as you call them—in the City of Churches, who might combine active membership in the First Christian Church with an intense yearning for orchids? On Manhattan Island, I assure you, their name is Legion. Even Mrs. G., Case VII, with four children and her own ideas of Good Environment, after eliminating the pewter pin-trays, was content with three inadequate Rs, instead of four, for the youngsters. On your literary horizon, at least, is there really not even one itsey-bitsey female, or some old battle-axe, or some harassed teacher, social worker or nurse; or interior decorator, or designer, or struggling artist, or Wall Street secretary who has been taught and who practises the Catholic way of life and to whom that way is a perpetual interference with all lesser unimportant activities, essential though these activities may appear to be? Even the Baltimore gal who wanted "A Place for Parties" seems to have had no spiritual ancestry in Lord Baltimore or Cardinal Gibbons.

Though obviously non-religious, your books have honored, with at least one mention, the following: The Y.W.C.A. and Bishop Manning; Yogi gatherings and Communists; The Yiddish Theatre and Spiritualists; St. Marks-in-the-Bowery and divorce; Gandhi and birth control; Church meetings and a minister or two; the Supreme Court and Mrs. Roosevelt. Purgatory also appears. But nary a word about Mass and the time it consumes on Sundays and holydays, nor is any schedule contemplated which might presuppose time out for Benediction,

Confession or the Rosary. You do suggest in the chapter, *When You're Really Broke*, that your readers go to church to worship by way of thinking clearly and honestly.

Now this epistle would never presume to comment on any person's concept of prayer or worship, but would like to record that the centuries-old form of praying and worshipping for many of the readers whom you were unconsciously addressing is to assist daily at Mass—with or without a job, when in the money or when broke.

There are, Miss Hillis, women living alone and making a success of it whose Friday evenings throughout the year include an hour's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament unless some duty or some Toscanini or Hamlet invitation intrudes; others get in the daily constitutional; if not in the morning, by a nightly visit to the Blessed Sacrament after dinner, serving tea gaily over the Sterno when the silver tea-pot is missing. And they know their sherries—with which brief comment we will dispose for the present of that difficult item, the liquor problem.

One particular live-aloner we know gets to Europe or the Tropics or visits relatives in the Deep West on a modest salary; sees the best plays eventually; buys as well as reads books and Catholic magazines. But alas! she has not even one bed-jacket. Providence and care in eating have kept her in good health and she would as soon eat in the bathroom as in bed. She has the quaint idea that beds were designed for sleep and for rest with eyes closed luxuriously in quiet, clean, cool darkness. And how could she and the thousands of other Catholics manage the compulsory Breakfast-in-Bed with the absolute fast required for Holy Communion?

These poor benighted fanatics, with a weakness for frequent and even daily Communion, will have to re-arrange their schedules and be content with the orange juice and coffee of the corner druggist with a ritzy "brunch" at home or out on Sundays. I once wrote an article suggesting Mass at night with no fast for Holy Communion. An Editor bought it quickly but never published it; and until my wild dream for furthering more frequent Communion becomes a Church law the girls who delight in Breakfast-in-Bed will at times have to forego that luxury.

It also seemed strange, that with your background you should tell your readers "hold fast to your seats here" for Miss R. went to Church on Sunday afternoon! It reminded me of the statesman—who was not ashamed openly to admit that even he asked God to direct him!

Yes, Miss Hillis, since your books make no claim to being comprehensive in any way, surely no one can object to the exclusion of anything you choose to omit; but it seemed strange to me last year and stranger still this year that a writer as clever as you appears not to have considered, for one paragraph, that she might possibly be addressing even one Catholic woman, *Living Alone* or *Desiring Orchids*.

## A PAINTER AND HIS CHILD

I am a painter, a Russian, a Catholic.

Last winter I had a showing of my oil paintings along with some water-colors done by my six-year-old daughter, Anne Marie.

Once, in Paris, I exhibited drawings in a Group Show.

There were sketches done by a Russian poet among the drawings.

An art critic, Serge Romoff, said: "The presence of a poet in that exhibit is a symbol and a program."

The genius of that young man helped us to find what we were seeking.

It was an honor for my paintings to be exhibited with the drawings of Anne Marie.

Not because she has an unusual talent but because she is a child—any child, of course, can draw as well.

The word for painting in Russian means "alive writing," something that is done by hand and is alive.

A child's drawing lives. It has an organic existence.

It is independent of the whole world. It performs all its function within the surface of the paper.

Yes, I said within the surface because it has depth; and yet the child, before the age of reason, draws only in two dimensions.

This habit produces that illusive quality which makes me love so much children's art.

I am searching for it in my painting; and unless I secure an almost saintly state of existence it takes pain to achieve what this child is doing so simply in a happy game.

However, I do not complain that I am not a child.

I consumed the joy of that beatific existence in my own time.

Nor am I trying to paint like a child.

But I would like to borrow from Anne Marie that complete mastery of poetic technique.

To bring my colors and my lines, as she does, into the Never-Never but real domain where there is no time.

To make the contours and color spots rhyme with each other on the surface of the canvas.

And to make appear in front of the eyes objects as they were existing, unknown before, in the world of my own.

Oh, that readiness to sacrifice intelligence for rhythm. That is exactly what I have been looking for.

For the victory without struggle, if it is possible.

To approach the undividable, if I am able to do so.

ARAPPOFF

## TO FILL THE COLUMN

FOR an hour of delightfulness get Thomas Derrick's *The Prodigal Son and Other Parables, done in pictures*. The edition I saw was from Blackwell's, but I hear Longmans have brought it out in this country. It's a treat beyond compare. L. F.



# BOOKS

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## WHAT HAPPENED IN OLD ENGLAND

THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY. By Kingsley Martin. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$1.25

THIS is a sensible account of the utterly irrational affection which the British people seem to have towards their sovereign. The author is editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, a London review of the Liberal shade, and from an eminence of journalistic priggishness, he instructs the American people upon what has happened in England about the monarchy, and why.

There was, as Mr. Martin points out, an undoubted wave of republicanism in England towards the latter part of Victoria's reign. But that has been effectively squelched, and on its ruins there has been built up an exaggerated and adulatory esteem for the monarchy. This, the author thinks, is a pernicious state of the national mind. For it sets up the person of the monarch as a sort of deified individual, and plays into the hands of Church of England prelates when the monarch fails to measure up to standard, so that even an Archbishop of Canterbury may lecture his Sovereign on his moral duties.

Mr. Martin quotes the London *Catholic Times* over the abdication crisis, but entirely overlooks the same journal's practical withdrawal of its earlier statement. He says also that he is "sure that George VI does not want any bishop to say that the peculiar ritual of the Coronation confers supernatural benefits upon him." Which sounds strange when it is remembered that the *Veni Creator* was chanted at the coronation rite to implore the guidance of the Holy Spirit for George VI. Anyway, is Mr. Martin a professor of telepathy, that he is so sure of what was in the mind of George VI?

HENRY WATTS

## ERRANT PEDLAR AND SCHOOLMASTER-REFORMER

PEDLAR'S PROGRESS. By Odell Shepard. Little, Brown and Co. \$3.75

PERHAPS a certain apology is called for in beginning a review of a book so extensive in its material and so many-sided in its implications as is *Pedlar's Progress*. One simply cannot do it justice. It is obviously a labor of years and cannot be crowned or beheaded in a few paragraphs. One can, however, present to the reader certain facts which may serve to direct opinion. To do this the book must be looked at from three points of view, as a work of scholarship, as a work of art, and as an estimate of its subject, the New England transcendentalist Bronson Alcott.

Professor Shepard's scholarship is unimpeachable without being profound. He has been fortunate in having access to many hitherto unpublished letters and manuscripts of Bronson Alcott and his research has been so painstaking, his sense of the importance of detail so scrupulous that it is impossible to imagine any future biographer neglecting the path which he has laid out. The reader is not only given the picture of Alcott himself, his long-suffering wife and daughters, his family in Connecticut and in Concord, but he is also admitted into the mind of a man who was successively a Yankee pedlar, a schoolmaster, a lay preacher, a self-constituted sage and reformer. It is safe to say that

there is no more complete treatment of the nineteenth-century American intellectual than that of Professor Shepard.

But accurate and painstaking though the book may be, it cannot be said to be interesting. Its chief merit lies in its clarity; its chief defects in its academic repetitiousness and in its lack of due proportion and apt comparison. Alcott's opinions are quoted or cited time and again, even when the reader is tired of hearing the same romantic note tearfully harped by a man who seemed to think that he possessed the better qualities of Divinity. Then Professor Shepard must certainly offend some of his more intelligent readers by comparing his subject, in bursts of enthusiasm, to Jesus, Socrates, Plato and others. His unintentional blasphemy, betraying as it does the uncritical modern attitude, is merely one indication of a false theory of values which, together with the dullness of the style, might tend to damage the impression which the book to all obvious intent and purpose is meant to make.

This brings us to the consideration of the book as an estimate of its subject. Professor Shepard's religious attitude has been suggested above. It may be gathered that it is not altogether acceptable. He tends to judge Alcott's religious opinions from a point of view which appears to hold traditional Christianity in the loftiest contempt. Similarly in judging Alcott the educationist and Alcott the reformer, the author is inclined to take the position that anything loosely termed conservative must be wrong and that Alcott, being in the opposition, was necessarily a herald of the new dawn. He treats with the gravest respect opinions which on their face value are the shallowest romantic nonsense, and not infrequently fails to distinguish between thoughts and actions which were important in themselves and those which were important simply because they were uttered, in somewhat better fashion, by men of genius to whom Alcott, who was something of an intellectual climber, attached himself.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said of *Pedlar's Progress* in extenuation of the author's failure to appraise his subject's importance is that his very failure may be determined from the book itself. Professor Shepard presented the evidence for his case and asks of the reader only to be judged by the evidence he has adduced.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

## FROM AMBROSE TO POPE GELASIVS

THE MIND OF LATIN CHRISTENDOM. By Edward Motley Pickman. Oxford University Press. \$5

TO reconstruct a century or so of human history in such a way as to present the thoughts of those who lived in that time requires, especially if that time be now long past, a vast erudition, a patient research, a painstaking analysis, a comprehensive objectivity. Mr. Pickman may be said to possess these requirements, and his book, *The Mind of Latin Christendom*, is the evidence. The Christendom is that of the years 373 to 496, dates respectively of Ambrose's elevation to the see of Milan, and the death of Pope Gelasius.

The author shows what men were thinking then, what questions they posed. In their capacious minds tossed and tumbled such moral problems as slavery, the gladiatorial combats; such theological problems as that of God's salvific will; above all, and in a sense embracing all problems, that of the presence of evil in the world;

"Why does the whole world fall prey to powers for the most part unjust?" In that hot mind of Latin Christendom burned such questions as why God let Adam sin; why were Adam's descendants punished; why did God choose His Son to redeem the world by His cruel Passion.

Traducianism engaged that mind, and Mithraism and Neo-Platonism and Pelagianism and Arianism. The average Christian, in 429, wanted to know if it was in his own power to be saved. "Augustine said No; but Cassian, like Pelagius, said Yes." How salvation was brought about, questions of Baptism and Grace, were, the author thinks, "relatively incidental." We should say absolutely essential. Surely so; it was a question of what God, through Christ, ordained, a question of means to end.

Mr. Pickman cannot understand a faith he does not hold, and he admits as much, in explicit confession. His modest preface to his book must make us believe him intellectually humble, thus graciously to refute an *obiter dictum* of a later page that it never occurred to Jesuits that there might be such a virtue as intellectual humility. It may be possible to understand aright or to distinguish the true sense of much of the phraseology in the book not pleasing to Christian ears. Expressions such as "Catholic physics," "the device of the Virgin birth," "the magical effects of Baptism," "the routine power of Divine justice," "that utterly disparate intermediary, the Blessed Virgin," "the arbitrary will of God," do bruise Catholic sensibilities.

The author avers that science and theology are natural rivals, hopes that both are sound, maintains that no method has yet been devised that rivals either of them. He fears that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility has inexorably closed the mind of Christendom. "From a roar Revelation has dwindled to a whisper—into the Pope's ear." "The city of Rome," so the book begins; "the Pope's ear," so the book ends. The volume is carefully documented, facts are strongly marshaled. Objectivity rules in the main; but the author has convictions and states them straightforwardly. Not all will accept all his conclusions, as he knew; all will admire his frankness, as they must. CAROL L. BERNHARDT

## BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF MAN. By J. Gresham Machen. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE late Dr. Machen's career as professor and author made him well known as theologian and New Testament scholar; but his greatest fame came when, tried and condemned in 1936 by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A., he virtually established, on a fundamentalist basis, the new "Presbyterian Church of America." The present book is confirmatory of the theological position which brought his life to such a dramatic close.

Probably not once during the book does the author mention the word "mercy," with which the Bible, especially the New Testament abounds. "The gloomy chorus of the Biblical books" and "being a Christian is a tragic thing" describe the color of Dr. Machen's Calvinist belief. This is hardly the "Christian View of Man" because Calvin himself admitted that he went against tradition, and Christ, the Founder of Christianity, taught not only the fear of God, but also joy in His Gospel, "good news."

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES, VOL. XXVII. Editor, Thomas F. Meehan. United States Catholic Historical Society. 1937.

THE present volume sustains the high standard set by former issues of the Catholic Historical Society. The contributions of Mr. Ridder and Father Parsons are informative, the first giving us valuable items concern-

ing the United States Catholic Press at the Vatican Exhibit in 1936, and the second supplying us a list of thirty-eight first American Catholic Bibles, to which is added a list of British and Irish Bibles with an index of the texts used. The first American Catholic Bible was Carey's Quarto Bible (1790).

Two of the longer articles deal with adverse phases of American Catholic history—with the bigotry which has persecuted, hampered and hated the Church and at times cost her severe losses. *Benson on Know Nothingism* (Joseph R. Frese, S.J.) is a valuable article, fully documented. The Doctorate thesis of Sister Loyola, S.H., S.N.D., treats of Anti-Catholicism in New England during Bishop Fenwick's incumbency (1829-1845). Together the two essays make an amazing story of the narrow hate of American Protestantism.

The volume opens with the delightful *Neglected Chapter of Catholic History: Our Poets*, by Father Feeney. This essay, too, shows that the alien atmosphere which slowed the promise and progress of American Catholicism also had its effect on poetry. Father Feeney is of course a poet in his own right; in the essay he shows that he is also able to play successfully the rôle of the just critic and the fair and interesting historian.

BRAVE YEARS. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$1.50

THE BRAVE YEARS are the years of youth; the years when a young man and a young woman, hand in hand, step forth with courage and not much else to face life in a depression-ridden, sadly muddled world. The story is that of John Keith, a university graduate of today, who, though fully trained and equipped as a teacher, can find no one to teach; and of Linda Crane, a graduate nurse. They get married and start life on a mortgaged farm with twenty-eight dollars in cash and a basket well filled with love and faith and hope and work. They struggle through and make a go of it. This is not the great American novel. It is just a simple, well told, interesting story of simple people. There is a villain of sorts but most of the characters are ordinary, likeable and lovable people whom it is a real pleasure to meet. There is idealism and sentiment in the telling; even a bit of propaganda for cooperative unions. But the idealism is truthful, the sentiment is solid and the propaganda is sane. If you prefer sophistication you will have to look elsewhere.

VICTORIA 4:30. By Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

IN enclosing his Canterbury Tales within the framework of a pilgrimage, Geoffrey Chaucer did a very clever thing. No less clever is Cecil Roberts in confining his varied characters within the limits of a train trip, which left Victoria Station in London at 4:30. The men and women who board this train and whose extremely interesting paths cross in the course of this journey is the substance of this story. They are all of the type we have all met superficially in a transcontinental trip, but only a rare artist meets them as did Mr. Roberts. He knows human nature intimately, and whether his descriptions are detailed or hurried, they are drawn with conviction. There is a freshness of treatment and a dash of sane realism in each character or group of characters and an element of unexpected expectancy. A character is almost forgotten when he or she pops up in a most natural way and at a most natural moment. The book is full of suspense and surprises, full also of interest, written as it is with a keen appreciation of the drama of life. *Victoria 4:30* makes splendid reading.

ORCHIDS ON YOUR BUDGET. By Marjorie Hillis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50

YOU probably won't agree with every single word in this book. You may even heave a sigh and think—perhaps rightly—that the world is too much with us; but, unless you are singularly out of sorts, you'll be amused. On page 355, Mary McLaughlin addresses an Open Letter to Miss Hillis.



# THEATRE

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AFTER discussing the best plays and the worst plays of the past season, one's thoughts turn naturally to the best acting of the theatrical year. In dwelling on this, one does not confine oneself to great acting of a great role, such as Maurice Evans' inspired interpretation of *King Richard II*, or Miss Cornell's acting of the role of *Candida*. In these notes I am jotting down impressions of interpretations and bits of acting that hit me here and there—special scenes, sometimes in unworthy plays, which were so beautifully done that the mere memory of them brings a thrill of pleasure.

During the past season theatre audiences were indebted to Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence for many such thrills. In my recent resumé of the season's dramatic offerings I have not said much about their programs, because these were made up of one-act plays. All these playlets were interesting, many of them were extremely amusing, and one or two came from below the surface of Mr. Coward's agile mind and were really impressive. But whatever one may think of the plays themselves there is no question of the perfection of the art with which they were acted.

Mr. Coward, a born showman, arranged his programs with the cleverness one would expect of him—combining three sharply contrasting plays, one, usually, a comedy, one a satire, and one a miniature drama. Once or twice, as in *The Astonished Heart*, there was grim tragedy in the situation unfolded. It never lasted long enough to depress the audience, and it was always preceded or followed by something light and gay.

The nine one-act plays presented made up three evenings of entertainment. I saw the entire series, and of the nine plays my favorite was *The Astonished Heart*. Certainly that offered us the best opportunity for inspired acting, for in it a famous psychiatrist, after years of happy marriage and devotion to his wife, falls desperately in love with another woman and is unable to extricate himself from the tragedy that follows. In the end it destroys him; but before that, Mr. Coward has given his audience some of the best drama of the season in the scene where the wretched physician, who cannot heal himself, discusses his case with his understanding and equally unhappy wife. To those who habitually think of Mr. Coward as a comedian, there was revelation in the quiet poignancy with which he showed us a coldly analytical scientist temporarily distraught by an emotion he could not control.

*Ways and Means*, a comedy showing the efforts of an impecunious English couple to live indefinitely on their rich friends, would probably have the popular vote as the best playlet of the nine. Certainly in it Gertrude Lawrence showed us a new and enchanting side of her art as a comedienne.

In *Family Albums*, a satire, we followed with actual amazement the versatility of both players, and their ability to sink every vestige of their own personalities in those of the roles they played. Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence deserve three stars for their artistic work.

The individual scene in any full-sized play which stands out most sharply in my memory (always excepting scenes in *King Richard II* and *Candida*) is the scene in *You Can't Take It With You*, in which a granddaughter who is mad about dancing practices the dance of *The Dying Swan* during a domestic chat with her grandfather. The young actress who plays this role does it throughout with perfect art—almost automatically going into a dance of some sort every time the canary pipes up or the radio starts a few notes of music. The grandfather pays no attention whatever to her dancing. Indeed, no member of the self-absorbed family represented in the comedy ever seems to realize what anyone else is doing. But the contrast between the matter-of-fact

dialogue of grandfather and granddaughter, and the girl's contortions and evolutions and intense seriousness as she goes through her dance, giving her heart to her art and lip service to the old gentleman, is by far the best comedy bit of the '36-'37 season.

I have made no secret of my disapproval of Mark Reed's comedy, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. I must admit that in the scene between mother and daughter in which the mother faces her own past and her daughter's present, and realizes that the former is responsible for the latter, Lucile Watson does some of the most delicately subtle work of her distinguished career. And every time Dudley Digges came on the stage as the Emperor Franz Joseph in Maxwell Anderson's *Masque of Kings*, I realized again that he was more like Franz Joseph than Franz Joseph was like himself. Take it all in all, that impersonation and perfect character interpretation was one of the high lights of this dramatic year.

An equally brilliant interpretation of character was offered by Henry Hull in the leading role of Edgar Allen Poe in *Plumes in the Dust*. Mr. Hull was not an actor during those few dozen theatrical performances. He was a poet. He was Edgar Allen Poe. Another interpretation it is impossible to forget is that of Cedric Hardwicke in *Promise*. Playing the role of an utterly devoted, wholly uncritical and somewhat fatuous husband, Mr. Hardwicke so submerged his own personality in the earlier scenes of the play that it was hard to discover the actor in the part. In the final scene of the husband's awakening, however, it is doubtful if anyone but Hardwicke could have put into the role the incredible inner change that had taken place in the character—the awakening of the man's mind to the real nature of his wife, and his silent, icy acceptance of a discovery that wrecked his happiness.

Bruno Frank's *Storm Over Patsy* was not a big play, as I mentioned when the Theatre Guild put it on. But it was amusing and beautifully done and at least one role was played to perfection—that of Mrs. Honoria Flanagan, as interpreted by Sara Allgood. Miss Allgood came over from London to make the same success here she had made there, and she succeeded. Nothing richer, more unctuous and more heart-warming than her work in that comedy could be asked.

The great scene in Maxwell Anderson's *High Tor*, of course, was the love scene between Burgess Meredith and Peggy Ashcroft. Or was it a love scene? The girl was a disembodied spirit and the boy, for the time, seemed as incorporeal as she was. Certainly the scene was one calling for a mountain top of life—and that is where it was played. For the few moments it lasted it raised the audiences to that mountain top—a rare experience for players and spectators.

I need hardly speak again of the work of John Halliday and Marta Abba in *Tovarich*. It was best, I think, in the scene with the Soviet Commissioner. It had to be. Anything less than perfect acting in that scene would have wrecked the end of the play. As it was the actors carried it, rising almost above themselves to do it.

*Sunkissed* was one of the weakest plays of the season and I felt sorry for Charles Coburn because he was in it. Probably he felt sorry for himself, but he made one character of the play human and engaging. It was an achievement. Let me speak also of the beautiful art of Tallulah Bankhead in a weak play, *Reflected Glory*, and of the fine acting of Frankie Thomas and Raymond Roe in a better play, *Seen But Not Heard*. There must be a cheer in passing for Arthur Byron's *Polonius*, in Gielgud's *Hamlet* and yes, a cheer for Mr. Gielgud, too!

And now I'm wondering if I'll have the heart to write my next review about the worst acting of the season!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

## FILMS

**THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.** An elegantly staged spy hunt provides the action for this tale written at the turn of the century by the Baroness Orczy and occasionally betraying its age in spite of Metro's sumptuous production. An imposing cast serves merely to emphasize the slightness of its plot and Director George Fitzmaurice seems to have pointed for humorous effects and glossed over the more serious moments with a sentimental flourish. Baron Wolensky, an agent of the Polish Nationalists on a secret mission to St. Petersburg, falls in love with the Russian countess who is carrying his death warrant to espionage headquarters across the border. Unknown to each other, they entrust their vital documents to a pair of antique candlesticks which change hands early and often. Both finally find themselves under sentence of death only to be pardoned for an appropriately red-plush ending. William Powell remains suave and unperturbed throughout, but Lulse Rainer is undone in this bookish struggle between love and duty. Frank Morgan contrives some comedy and Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Young and Henry Stephenson are adequate. The film is a display of production virtuosity and nothing more, but if you do not object to its libretto flavor it will prove an amiable distraction for the entire family. (MGM)

**KING SOLOMON'S MINES.** The second of H. Rider Haggard's antiquarian fantasies takes to the screen in epic style, featuring atmospheric scenes of Darkest Africa, the splendid presence of Paul Robeson and an excellent British cast. Cut from the same whole cloth as *She*, the story relates the penetration of a group of Victorians into the weird mysteries of the past. The treasure pits of Solomon and Sheba are the object of this search and the intrepid whites are captured by superstitious natives and all but killed in the shadow of their goal. A providential eclipse saves them but an equally surprising volcanic eruption once more entombs the ancient wealth of Solomon. A great deal has been done for the tale by way of elaborate and authentic staging but it is not a film for small imaginations. There are scenes verging on the "colossal" in which large groups are admirably handled, and the performances of Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson and Roland Young are noteworthy. Mr. Robeson also lends his voice to three songs, and John Loder and Anna Lee run through an interpolated romance. It is sufficiently exciting and spectacular to satisfy the ordinary entertainment needs. (Gaumont-British)

**THE HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY.** This is a homespun story of filial piety which is illuminated by the genuinely appealing performance of young Mickey Rooney. It is rather heavy-handed in its moralizing but manages to hold more than a fair interest in its melodramatic action. A "bad boy" turns out to be just misunderstood under the guidance of a sympathetic teacher and his shell-shocked father justifies the boy's blind loyalty by dying heroically in a violent milk strike. Anne Nagel, Edward Pawley and Frank Shields are also involved in this family affair. And there is a slightly acid commentary on small-town tongues which gives bite to the generally wholesome tone of the picture. (Monogram)

**I COVER THE WAR.** The newsreel photographer's peculiar viewpoint is exploited in this melodrama of gun-smuggling in a British desert outpost. The hero manages to save his inexperienced brother from the perils of photography, fall in love with the post commander's daughter and rescue a regiment before closing time. Featuring the virile John Wayne, with gun and camera, it is a good resume of outdoor adventure and suited for general patronage. (Universal) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

SCHOOL days, dear old golden-rule days. . . .

The boys and girls add to the gayety of nations. . . .

Many of them know the wrong answers at examination time.

See if you can tell which of the following answers are incorrect. . . .

"Dry as dust. This is an expression. Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." . . .

"Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins." . . .

"He abandoned the world and devoted his life to the anchovies in the desert." . . .

"An active verb shows action as, he kissed her; a passive verb shows passion as, she kissed him." . . .

"Tarzan is a short name for the American flag. Its full name is the Tarzan Stripes." . . .

"Book-keeping is the art of not returning books borrowed." . . .

"King Edward abhorred a thorn and married a woman." . . .

"She had a long and useful life but finally died from acute celibacy." . . .

"Every soldier of Napoleon carried a bat in his knapsack." . . .

"Caesar barked out orders to his generals and they mustard his men." . . .

"While her head was still unchopped off, Lady Jane Grey said to Queen Elizabeth: 'If I had served you as you have served me, you would have been abandoned to your gray hair'" . . .

"The spine is a bundle of bones which runs up and down the back and holds the ribs together. The skull sits on one end and I sit on the other." . . .

But not alone the girls and boys were making history. American hoboes were making some, too. The Rambling Hoboes of America, Inc., announced a drive against Communism. Bona-fide hitch-hikers will be organized and trained to eject radical elements from the ranks of the "See America First" legions. An appeal may also be sent to patriotic bums, and a sort of Popular Front arrangement worked out between the hoboes and the higher type bums. . . .

The keen intelligence of many new citizens was illustrated in Indiana. Replying to a question, an applicant for citizenship said: "Mr. Roosevelt makes the laws of the United States." Delighted with the alertness of the applicant, the judge immediately gave him final papers. . . . A new malady was reported in the Middle West. A young married woman there breaks out with severe boils every time her mother-in-law visits her. The boils disappear when the mother-in-law goes home. The disease is classified as mother-in-law boils. Physicians who have specialized in this field say there is only one cure. . . . A forty-hour week for panhandlers was advocated. St. Louis panhandlers, it was found, average \$3.70 for a seven-hour day. They threatened a sit-down strike. The C.I.O. has not yet attempted to organize them. . . .

THE PARADER